

Mme. Hempel Again Soloist With Symphony

Charming Rendition of Scene From "Der Freischütz" Serves to Revive Glory of Von Weber Tradition

Fairchild Ballet Is Given

Music of "Dame Libellule" Proves Graceful Though Lacking Pictorial Setting

By H. E. Krehbil

Mme. Frieda Hempel provided the solo numbers for the concert of the Symphony Orchestra in Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon, and they were the same songs that she had sung in the afternoon of Saturday at the symphony concert for young people, also conducted by Mr. Walter Damrosch. No harm in that. Listening to her lovely voice and style in the familiar scene and air from "Der Freischütz," we felt our dutiful desire to keep up with the procession and be "progressive" gradually ebbing away under the influence of the glory which was Weber and to be reverting to willing thralldom to the beauty and dramatic truthfulness of the composer who linked Beethoven with Wagner, "Fidelio" with "Tannhäuser" and its companions down to "Parzival." It may be a confession which is pitiful, but confession is good for the soul. Concealment cannot help the matter. We must cut with this much of our artistic credo—Carl Maria von Weber was a finer, a truer, a higher type of genius than is Giacomo Puccini or Erich Korngold; better musician and a better dramatic composer. The belief may be perilous stuff in these advanced days, but we will not purge our soul of it.

Let us frankly admit that we are a hopeless backward. We had a hope after the treasonable thrill with which Mme. Hempel's singing of "Leise leise fromme Weise" filled us that Mr. Blair Fairchild would save us from toppling over the brink into the waters of conservatism with his music to a ballet entitled "Dame Libellule" which the program notes told us "has to do with the life of insects." Effects wrought upon the insectile and repellent world by the heartless coquetry of a vamp of the genus hexapoda." We read the story of the ballet and from it learned that the characters were somewhat in likeness to those in the drama now occupying Mr. Jolson's playhouse, and that among the other wicked things done by Dame Libellule (who might be called Miss Dragonfly on the stage) was the practice of mischief with the affections of our humble tumbler-bug, a toad and a lizard, stirring up the jealous passions of the latter two until they engaged in deadly battle, and at the end fitting away with a butterfly.

Mr. Fairchild's music was deftly fitted to this story, though perhaps a little too easily to be wholly satisfactory as concert-music. It needed the baller or (let us say again what we have said) he has been given the musical plot of his music to the accompaniment of which it might probably have been accompanied by moving photographs. Of course, we heard the toad croak, though in nature the toad is a peculiarly reticent and unloquacious creature, and we saw with our ears the flutter of the dragonfly's wings; but the music frequently left us in the lurch, even with the plot in our hands. Besides, the conservative spell being still upon us, we couldn't help remembering that one of the Viennese Straussen had written a "Libellenpolka," which, though it told no story at all, gave a far more graphic, or suggestive, picture in music of the flight of a Devil's darningneedle than Mr. Fairchild's with all the modes of orchestral accessories. But this is treason again—double treason, for Mr. Fairchild is an American composer and Mr. Damrosch invited the audience to pay him tribute by directing attention to the fact that he was an occupant of one of the boxes. There is much gracefule fancy in the composition and fine craftsmanship. It would be pleasurable to hear it again with its complements action.

The other orchestral pieces were the overture to "Der Freischütz," Brahms' "Variations on a Theme by Haydn" and Hale's overture to "Le Roi d'Ys."

The Stage Door

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Oddments and Remainers

By Percy Hammond

SINCE Mr. Barrymore is a mysterious and uncommunicative fellow we shall probably never know what exhausting hours of thought he spent in order to give his Hamlet to Broadway, not to the world. Other players have confessed the study by which their learning of Hamlet was induced—the agonies of their research through the hives of wisdom, the rigors of their long reflections. They have informed us how they resolved the chaos of the character into the luminous simplifications of their own impersonations. Of how they determined whether Hamlet was faint and scant of breath or merely fat and (for the moment) short-winded. Of the processes by which they explained his attitude toward Ophelia and his exact emotions during his murder of Polonius.

Sir Herbert Tree deliberated for eighteen months, for instance, before he found out that that assassination was a dead of wild hysteria, not as Mr. Barrymore seems to make it, a graceful, deliberate and vengeful, though erroneous, homicide. You do not realize until you have read the memoirs of a Hamlet that he spends months in pondering whether or not he shall leap into Ophelia's grave and trample upon her helpless corpse during the argument with Laertes. The ghost, too, takes up his time and that of his producer in asking them if he should appear as a material specter or as a mere adumbration. For quite a while we were unable to justify Hamlet's punning rejoinder to Polonius when Polonius tells him that, in college theatricals, he did once enact the rôle of Julius Caesar. "I was killed in the Capitol; Brutus killed me," says he. "It was a brute part," Hamlet answers, "of him to kill so capital a calf there." "This bad joke," writes one of the actor autobiographers, "was intended by Hamlet further to convince his hearers that he was insane."

A re-reading of Sir Herbert Tree's story of his "Hamlet" prompt book makes us wish this morning that the cryptic Mr. Barrymore would publish some memoranda of his arduous pilgrimage. Not that Mr. Barrymore's Hamlet needers from him a syllable of explanation, since it is so beautiful a picture, so clear an analysis, so untheatrical an impersonation and so musical a rendering of philosophic Shakespearean song. But it would be enjoyable to read of Mr. Barrymore's preparations for the Great Accouchement. Of the nights of his deep thinking, of the incessant labor of his fecund mind as it strove to begin the explicable from the inexplicable. Is his pregnant look of awe as the ghost first confronts him the lightning flash of an artist's superb intuition, as we suspect it to be; or is it the product of months of delving and introspection by a serious actor surrounded by his books?

How long did Mr. Barrymore ruminate upon his scenes with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, those ineffable choristers, asking himself whether he should kiss them or kill them? Quarts and quarts of midnight oil may have been consumed by Mr. Barrymore in his debates with his artistic conscience, his public and Shakespeare as to what words the emphasis of art and elocution should be placed upon, so that the significance of a speech might be enlarged or modified. And we shall never be aware of them, because he is silent, indifferent and remote, keeping secret the details of his cerebrations.

Here, for example, is the sort of thing we should be interested to hear from Mr. Barrymore. It is one of Sir Herbert Tree's "Thoughts and Afterthoughts" (Funk & Wagnalls), and it is the record of a minor impact of an ingenious, grandiose and thoughtful

Fay Bainter Premieres Dec. 25

Fay Bainter is to begin her New York engagement in "The Lady of Cristillinda" on Christmas night at the Broadhurst Theater, according to the latest announcement from William Harris Jr. The play is by Monkton Hoff and has been tried out on tour under the name of "The Painted Lady." Arthur Byron will be featured in Miss Bainter's support.

For the first time, we are to be interested to hear from Mr. Barrymore.

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On the Screen

"Broken Chains" Feature at Capital; "Beautiful and Damned" at the Strand

By Harriette Underhill

Well, we have seen "Broken Chains," the picture at the Capitol, which every one has been talking about since the story won a prize offered by "The Chicago Daily News," and it seems to us a badly directed, badly titled, trite and uninteresting picture. There is not one flash of imagination anywhere in the whole production and it looks to us, now that it is viewed in retrospect, that it never had a chance from the first moment. Winifred Kimball set pen to paper. It bears the stamp of having been concocted according to formula—take situation 27 and add situations 13 and 19, and so on till the end.

If we are misjudging it, if this is a good picture, then we are about ready to resign, for it will prove that our standard is all wrong and that we cannot alter. And since a critic has no right to offer anything save constructive criticism, we are quite prepared to go down proofs, convincing to us at least, that "Broken Chains" is all right.

The story is about a boy who was "buried in luxury" and spoiled by his female relatives, so that when he finally discovers that he is a coward and his fiancée breaks with him he goes West to the "great outdoors" (we are quoting from the titles) and tries life on his ranch. There again he is immediately stamped as a coward, and so he rides about by himself a great deal. One day he went "far afield" and presently stopped in a cabin on a mountain side to inquire the way home. Here he meets Mercy Boone, the "abused girl wife" of "the cruellest beast still unhung." She is chained to the floor, for the scenario writer has it that she is wearing all the clothes and that everybody has come to great pains to pile agony on agony and to prove that that Bryan Boone is the devil's deputy. The boy fastens the girl wife, and then, day after day, while the cruellest beast is away from home, they roam the fields and pick flowers.

Now, it looks to us as though some old man had told the director that Dick Barthelmess gave Ernest Torrence a good licking in "Tol'able David," and the director said: "If Barthelmess can do it, why can't my hero do it?" So his hero does. Only it isn't so thrilling to watch the second and third acts of this picture as it is to see the hero himself stamping another over a cliff or something like that. The comedy concerns an old man who drinks too much and tries to mount his horse backward. The "girl wife" is herself and presumably illiterate, still partially poisoned by drinking a bottle of liniment. The leading citizens have subscribed to give the whole family a first class funeral.

There, adds Mr. Walkley, is an answer to the most prolonged and the most complex of the queries of the critics.

Mr. Walkley, we believe, could write about "Hamlet" more amusingly than Mr. Barrymore does, and still be dignified and illustrative. One fears, however, that he will postpone his reminiscences until such time as, like his uncle, Mr. John Drew, he will regard as more important the details of his reception and receipts in Baltimore than will his throes while accumulating the sole and unparalleled minutiæ of the most satisfactory of the Hamlets. We wish Mr. Barrymore would explain, ere long, one of the favorite lines of the old-time drama. We should like to hear him say, "Hawkins, bring me pen, ink and paper!"

Somehow you couldn't blame the brute for knocking his girl wife over the head. She had a trick of uttering the word "damn" when she was to be married—which, of

course, made the love scenes and the wedding doubly thrilling.

Kenneth Harlan continues to be about half as stout and twice as attractive as he was six months ago (it was he who was so pleasing in "Toll of the Sea" last week), and Marie Prevost is a pretty little thing who looks like a blonde Mae Murray and acts like her, too—always dancing and fluttering about. One of the best scenes in the picture is where Tony, living in poverty with his gay young wife, entertains his brother. The man who is in, apparently with guile, bottles of rum, and then he extracts from his wearing apparel two small bottles of Scotch. Hearty applause greeted this feast.

The real reason we enjoyed "The Beautiful and Damned" was because the people who made it knew what they were doing. It is a dippant sort of tale and they let it go at that, tactfully admitting that it had made it only for entertainment. There is no attempt to gloss it over as propaganda for this, that or the other thing and it contains no preachments.

Olga Printzoff adopted Mr. Fitzgerald's role and William A. Seitz directed it for all it was worth.

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Mr. Balston said these charges might be "equal or greater importance" than those contained in the fourteen counts recently filed with the committee, hearing on which will begin before the Judiciary Committee Tuesday.

In connection with Mr. Balston's letter, Mr. Keller made public a number of letters, including one from Chairman Volstead to Mr. Balston saying that the committee desired to investigate the charges and wanted to know what witnesses were to be used in considering the first specification, relating to prosecution of anti-trust suits. Mr. Volstead said this was necessary "because as to some of the charges the committee may desire to hear you as to whether they are impeachable before incurring the expense of sending for witnesses to substantiate them."

Referring to a conversation with the chairman, Mr. Balston said the former had suggested that he was in doubt as to whether the charge relating to the appointment of William D. Clegg as chief of the Department of Justice, Bureau of Investigation, was an impeachable offense.

Mr. Balston replied that he could not personally conceive of the slightest room for doubt on the subject.

Mr. Balston complained to Mr. Volstead in writing about the failure of the committee to print the full report of the hearings at which he and Mr. Balston appeared, and demanded that it be supplied to him and to the nation.

The comedy is called "Railroading" and there is besides the Topical Review a group of interesting pictures called "Here and There." The Fokine ballet is done to Dvorak's "Humoresque" and Strauss' "Poli." Fenwick Newell sings "The Little Love Nest" as a prologue to the feature.

Muratore Again Under Knife

ROME, Dec. 10.—Lucien Muratore, the operatic tenor, has been arrested again for his second offense of killing his wife, and is to stand trial for the second time for appendicitis, consequently he will be unable to leave at present for a concert tour in the United States.

My Years on the Stage

By JOHN DREW

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